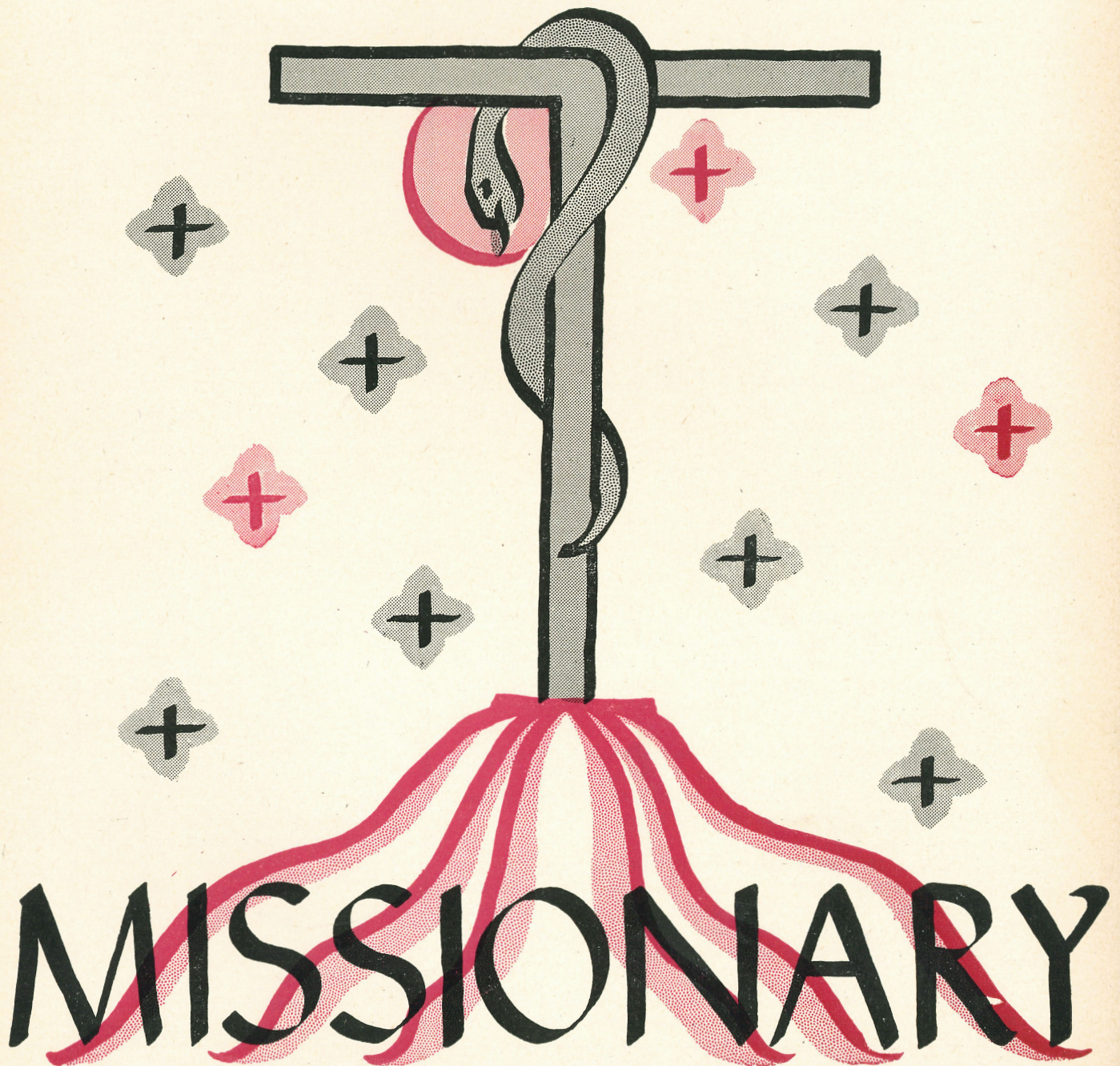


The MEDICAL



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ACROSS THE PAGES . . .

DEPARTURE BELLS rang out once more when Sister M. Xavier, Sister M. Clare and Sister M. Regina left for Atlanta, Georgia last month, to take up work in the Catholic Colored Clinic there. The Atlanta mission is our second home mission enterprise

"WHATEVER IT IS his life makes interesting reading, not so much for what he did, but for what he was" J. Vincent Watson, S.J. sketches briefly the life of Blessed Martin de Porres, Dominican Saint of Lima.

EVEN A MODERN MISSION HOSPITAL feels the far-reaching effects of the rule of Kali . . . When Hindu patients are unshakable in their belief that disease is a punishment from this deity, the doctors are confronted with another problem . . . and a very knotty one at that!

BE IT for work, transportation or simply decoration, the stately elephant is a notable feature of the East. During more than fifteen years of medical mission work in India, Sister M. Laetitia has had ample opportunity to become acquainted with "Brother Elephant."

THE
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Editor

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The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct Hospitals, dispensaries, maternity, and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

For further information apply to:

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The Mission of Suffering

by

CARLA ZAWISCH, M.D.

"It seems, we have the redeemer complex," said a young college girl a few months ago and I was surprised at her ready wit. It characterized the situation as it was at that time when everywhere and by everybody were discussed the best ways and means of "redeeming" Europe spiritually and when the best-selling answer to the quiz was: by importing what very soon afterwards was called ironically "our special brand of democracy".

Since then, and probably under the strain of somewhat puzzling events, the redeemer-enthusiasm has cooled down. But in the meantime I had done a lot of thinking.

It began with two questions: Has America the mission to help Europe spiritually? And: Can she?

I found that in this form both questions were simply unanswerable. They had to be raised to a higher and at the same time a broader level; and they had to be answered from that platform.

And now the questions ran thus: Has man the mission to help his fellow-man spiritually? And can he?

To the first: every man has the duty to help his fellowman wherever he can, spiritually or otherwise; it becomes a **mission** only for those who are specially apt for this task. To the second the answer is simple and grand: yes—if he is united to God.

And then—only then—the task of helping others in the spiritual realm can become a mission—mission in the sense of "being sent" and in the derived sense of missionary work.

"YOU WILL DO THE SAME THINGS AS I DO"

There is no fundamental difference between the missionary in the mission field proper, where work is well coordinated and disciplined and where the effect is directly open to statistical evidence, and any other man who, in his own sphere of influence, might encounter souls whom he feels bound to help find God. In any case there is man at work, poor little impotent man who derives his strength and his power only from the fact of his being a member of the Mystic Body of Christ, "implanted", as St. Paul puts it, in Him. If he is rooted in Christ, sucking life at its very fountain, a part of the Lord's omnipotence is bestowed on him. We have it from the mouth of our Saviour himself: "You will do the same things as I do"

Let us consider these facts for a moment. Every baptized Christian is a member of the Mystic Body of Christ. That implies that every Christian way of life must be found as being pre-formed in Christ himself as the Head of this Mystic Body. The child, the mother and father of a family, the teacher, the physician, the workman and ever so many others—they all can and must find in Christ not only their model but the very fundament and origin of their special way of life. If the priest is the highest representative of Christ on earth, the other members of His Body are so even in a lesser degree. Thus the hierarchy in the Church of Christ is established.

But in addition we can find a hierarchical order on a higher and purely spiritual plane. And it is on this plane that special missions are formed, that souls are called forth to perform, or rather to continue Christ's own and special mission on earth. This mission is a twofold one: the glorification of the Father and the redemption of mankind. Those who are called to take a special part in this twofold work will form a hierarchy the degrees of which are marked by the measure of their performing and fulfilling Christ's very own life, of their incorporating Christ Himself.

Thus the Benedictine monk whose life is devoted to the praise of God and to the seeking of divine truth will fulfill his mission in the degree in which his soul bathes in the divine light of Christ. The nun who is devoted to works of charity or to any work in the social order, will reach her real aim only according to the degree in which she performs her work in unison with Christ's own charity, Who sought the souls of men whilst providing for their bodily needs.

THE REDEEMER-WORK OF CHRIST

But the missionary, in fact any man who feels bound to help in saving souls must plunge deep down into the redeemer-work of Our Lord. . . . and the redemption of man was performed by suffering!

He was poor and weary by the wayside on His manifold wanderings through heat and dust; He was hungry and thirsty and He had no home. He was persecuted and derided and stones were thrown at Him by those He had come to seek as "the lost sheep of the house of Israel".

And the end was a hill "extra castra", outside

*It is time, awaken, Lord Jesus, come!
 O Thou Who hast taken a heart like our hearts
 To share in our pain and pity.
 Send us a word of light and peace,
 Grant us to understand in the ways of Thy
 wisdom,
 To speak in the ways of Thine intelligence,
 To console in the ways of Thy compassion.
 Make the crimes cease.
 Remember innocence.
 Have mercy on Thy people,
 The people of misery and affliction,
 The humiliated and oppressed of all Nations,
 And the Jews, the oppressed of all the world.
 Send the Apostles who will enchant our pain
 In the efficacy of Thy love
 And the sweetness of the Holy Ghost,
 As once Thou hadst raised up Thy psalmists,
 And given divine frenzy and knowledge
 To the Prophets
 For our salvation.*

—From “*Deus Excelsus Terribilis*”
 by Raissa Maritain.

Reprinted through the courtesy of THE COMMONWEAL.

of the city walls, the hill of shame and of expulsion, the hill of supreme sacrifice. . . . The end was Golgotha!

And there is no other way conceivable for us if we are called forth to help in the redeemer-work of Christ. We shall fulfill this mission in the measure in which we take part in His suffering. That is why the blood of the martyrs always was “the seed” for new generations of redeemed souls; that is why martyrs stand highest in the hierarchy of the redeemer-work. And that is why all the Apostles had to be martyrs.

There is simply no possibility of helping to save souls without suffering; and the measure of man’s work as co-redeemer will always be the measure of his suffering—his conscious suffering in union with Christ.

But before turning to the immediate present, let us look back once more for a moment to Calvary.

There seems to me a spiritual climax in those dark hours before the veil of the inner sanctuary was torn, leaving it wide open for all men to enter. This climax is the cry of Christ crucified: “Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.” In the mouth of Christ this was more than a prayer, more than an act of supreme virtue put before our eyes as a model of love for our enemies. This was a deed, these were the words of absolution for those men who knew not what they did. They meant that from now onward those men were **no more enemies** but redeemed souls. It was a climax of redemption on the climax of suffering.

And now, in the present, we seem to live a climax of history. All over the world hovers the

vague idea of a great mission to be fulfilled by our generation. An era of peace and of well-being for all men is to come, peoples are to be taught how to live in freedom and happiness. . . .

Are they indeed? Do not we, who look deeper into the reality of things, know better? I think we know pretty well, all of us, that general happiness—yes! even simple earthly material happiness—can only be brought about by every man doing his duty towards his fellow-man; and that this duty is so complex that simple humanitarianism will never be able to compel man to accomplish it in its full sense. Only Christian charity can do this!

Thus, men have to be taught Christian charity first. In other words, the world has to be Christianized or re-Christianized. This is what we vaguely feel about Europe. To a certain extent it has to be re-Christianized and in this sense it becomes a vast mission field.

WHO IS CALLED?

And now we may ask: who is going to be called forth to work on this mission?

Here also there will be a hierarchy. There will be those who help materially, who will give money, food and clothing for the starving and remedies for the sick. And a lot of good it will do—especially to those who give. There will be those who will try to teach. But I doubt very much that the people of Europe will accept any teaching coming from outside. But they will listen ever so eagerly to those who have **suffered** with them. There is no need to be a prophet in order to foretell this. Then there will be those who pray. Would to God there were a host of them even now! They could perform the greatest part of the job if they but knew their own power. The greatest part but one: suffering.

EUROPE’S OWN PART

And this part is Europe’s very own. It is an ocean of unspeakable physical and mental suffering, big enough to feed all the mission fields of the world, let alone Europe itself. The only question is whether it is conscious suffering or not, for only conscious suffering has a redeeming power, has real missionary strength. Now we can be perfectly sure that in certain countries there are a host of souls, more than ever before, who suffer in union with Our Lord. And there are, to be sure, quite a number of real martyrs. Others suffer for patriotic reasons only, or out of other motives, like simple stubborn resistance or even hatred. If the motive is at least noble, this kind of suffering will bear some fruit in itself; but the missionary strength will be lacking. Thus a new task arises for those intent on the praying mission: to pray that more and more of the existing and still impending suffering might become conscious and powerful.

But the sublimest task is yet to be seen. As in every mission work, the greatest spiritual victory is not the winning over of large masses of the simple-minded, the untaught, those who have been

led astray. It is the winning over of the leaders. In our case, these are in large part—the enemy!

The redeeming of the enemy, of all works the most Christ-like, we could achieve if united to Him. But this can only be done through the strongest means—prayer and suffering. Could we achieve it, it would mean the reign of peace and happiness even in this world; it would be “freedom from want and freedom from fear.” It would be, in fact, the reign of Christ.

* * *

Are we up to it?

Perhaps not. Let us look deep down into our own conscious selves, let us examine our own individual possibilities. And then let us do, everyone of us, whatever we can. What each of us really can do—that he is called forth to do in this grave

moment of history, that will be his sending, his own mission.

But let us not focus our eyes on Europe alone. That is a mistake. Europe will do its own redeeming pretty much by itself, our own part in this task will be the smaller one by far. There is the vast world besides Europe and all this world has to be Christianized or re-Christianized—perhaps even we ourselves. The world is a vast mission field in ever so many parts, each of them with its own special needs. Let us do for them whatever we are called forth to do. Europe is distinguished from them only by its need of the moment and that is the redemption of the enemy. A tremendous task lies ahead. But it can only be performed by those who suffer

It is the mission of suffering.

The Goddess of Smallpox

by

SISTER M. ELISE WIJNEN, S.C.M.M., M.D.

“Sister Sahib, I have come to take my wife home.”

A young Hindu, clad in a spotless white dohti and long-tailed white shirt, with a worried but determined look on his face, thus addressed the Sister at the desk in the office of Holy Family Hospital. It is barely seven o'clock and the sisters have just come on duty. Something must have happened last night! Oh, of course, it is Shanti's husband. They must have found out at last!

“Home? But the poor thing is burning up with fever, and too miserable to sit up! How are you going to take care of her at home?”

Home is nothing but four walls and a mud floor, a few mats, plenty of flies, running water only when it rains, and no sunshine ever. Even if the family knew how, they would not be able to care for the poor patient.

“She has to go home, Sister-Ji. She has smallpox.” There is a rather surprised look on his face, as if this perfectly obvious answer should end the matter at once. But at least we can make an effort.

“I know she has smallpox.

What of it?” Now the surprise deepens into disgust at the ignorance of these foreigners, but the young Hindu is too polite to say so. He is willing to explain even the obvious and axiomatic.

“But don't you see? She has to go home and do **puja**, or she will not get well. Smallpox is a visitation from the Goddess Kali. Nothing can be done about that but to conciliate the goddess with flowers and rice. Medicines are no good at all.”

“Can't she do **puja** in the hospital? She is really too sick to go home.” This is a losing battle, Sister knows well, but only persistent and determined efforts will change these superstitious beliefs and practices. This young chap seems well educated, he should know better. Probably he does, but he will not admit it!

“No, Sister, everybody in the family has to come and visit her and offer presents to the goddess in her. Besides, what good is it for her to stay in the hospital? It all depends on the **puja**, anyway.”

That clinches the matter. But Sister makes one more attempt at education, if only to protect the

sequences of this discharge.

“Don't you realize the danger of taking the patient home at this stage? Haven't you seen the blind eyes, scarred faces, deafness, abscesses, weakness that so frequently follow smallpox? Your wife is young and frail, she may die at home if she receives no treatment!”

The stubborn, closed look on the man's face is answer enough. He has not even heard Sister's remonstrances. **Puja**, custom, tradition, the mother-in-law's orders, all are stronger than common sense and reasoning. There is no use arguing any more. Hinduism has a strong hold on these people.

Moreover, they know nothing about medicine, even about the ordinary laws of hygiene and the workings of the human body. To them, water is a menace during fever; solid food is absolutely forbidden, no matter how long the fever lasts; mud and cowdung are the ideal antiseptics; the sickroom must be kept tightly closed and full of visitors all the time, and oil, applied liberally to the head and body, is the only worthwhile treatment in all ailments!

If we could not visualize ex-

Photo from *Three Lions*

actly the atrocious mistreatment these patients will receive at home, perhaps we would not fight so hard to keep them in the hospital, for actually, not much can be done about smallpox. There is no specific cure for the disease as yet, although the sulfonamides are being tried.

Still, much can be done to prevent the tragic aftermath, the scarring, blindness, deafness, arthritis, etc., and there is a considerable difference between a clean, well-nourished, properly sedated hospital patient, and a delirious, crack-lipped woman in a dark corner on the floor, tossing in pain and misery.

We have never yet succeeded in keeping a Hindu patient with smallpox in the hospital until she is completely cured. Many come in during the early stages of the disease, for at that time the diagnosis is difficult, if not im-

possible. We know enough now to suspect smallpox in any sudden, high fever, accompanied by headache and backache, lasting for several days without interruption, with no other symptoms appearing. But we keep it a dark secret, and take care to examine the skin very casually, for we know very well that as soon as the rash appears, the patient disappears, with or without leave!

Sometimes our suspicions are already verified on the second or third day. There is a peculiar redness and puffiness of the face which gives the disease away before the rash appears. Often the relatives are the first to notice it. As one old woman said: "I made her take off all her clothes and stood her in a good light. She had it all right!" She meant the fine red pimples that are the first sign of the smallpox rash!

Usually when the rash breaks

Expiation to Kali. This flagellant whips himself while he chants a prayer and magic words which are supposed to aid in bringing him the charm of Kali's forgiveness.

out, the fever drops and the patient feels much relieved. It invariably rises again as the vesicles turn into pustules. The whole course takes about four weeks, counting the time for the scabs to fall off. This is true only of the mild and moderately severe cases that we see around here. These people have been exposed to smallpox from infancy; many of them have had it several times; others have been vaccinated, at least in childhood, so nearly all have a certain amount of immunity.

That is why they have lost their dread of this disease, and take no precautions against it. Flourishing cases of smallpox can be seen at any time in the bazaar, and no one hinders them from visiting public places, touching the food and water of others, and sleeping in the same room, even the same bed, with healthy people. The mortality is very high among the children and babies who have not been vaccinated and have had no chance as yet to work up an immunity. Many people simply will not learn from experience. One woman lost three children in one week from smallpox; yet when the next baby came along she still refused to have it vaccinated!

Smallpox has become much milder since vaccination has been introduced into India, but it will not be stamped out until vaccination becomes compulsory and quarantine can be enforced. There is no hope for that, however, until the country is able and willing to spend much more money on public health, and the people are educated to the conviction that preventable diseases should be eradicated. At present, the policy of "laissez faire" is still uppermost, if not in theory, at least in practice, and the pitted faces, scarred and blinded eyes, and dying babies will continue as long as Kali—the goddess of smallpox—holds sway.

Martin De Porres

DOMINICAN SAINT OF LIMA

by

J. VINCENT WATSON, S.J.

The common people have always reserved for themselves the privilege of scrutinizing their masters. And meticulous critics they are, too. Mediocrity in high places, from the teacher behind the desk to the officials in capitol buildings, is never tolerated. If a person cannot stand head and shoulders over the crowd, then he does not belong on a pedestal. We politely drag him back into our own oblivion. Soldiers do the same with their own officers. Let a lieutenant be anything less than omniscient and the platoon gathers to cook his fat over a slow fire. We Catholics do somewhat the same with our saints. Let their life be quietly perfect and we will have no part of them.

Even in sanctity, it takes the spectacular to draw our attention. We follow devoutly in the scorched path of the missionary firebrand, we applaud the organizing genius of the founders of great religious movements, we reverently doff caps at the distant brilliance of some mental giant of God.

But suppose a person should fill his life with the ordinary accepted selflessness of the humble saint. We are not impressed by such colorlessness. We expect the long vigils and rigid fasts, along with the bloody scourge and hairshirt. All that, we think, is the normal part of a saint's trade. Then we look for something else to distinguish him from so many more of his kind.

It so happens that there is enough of the spectacular in the life of Martin de Porres to underscore his name in the lists of the

'Blesseds'. It is not easy however to put one's finger on what there is about him to attract our attention. Perhaps it is his color that draws us. We politely applaud the outstanding Negro because we like to consider ourselves social-minded. Perhaps it is the white Dominican habit providing pleasant contrast for the black face.

"Believing firmly in religion and wishing to conform myself to that love which God has for all the living, I have in that spirit of mutual aid that exists among men spent myself for the sake of the injured, for helping the poor, for healing the sick, for giving out medicines, for feeding and instructing the unfortunate."

—Joseph Lo Pa Hong

Whatever it is, his life makes interesting reading, not so much for what he did but simply for what he was. Through a good part of his early life he was only a pharmacist's apprentice, a clumsy boy who wrapped and delivered the crude drug store trade of sixteenth century South America. That is what you would call his work in life—the grinding of medicinal herbs and the cleaning of blood-letters' lances.

Neither child prodigy nor adult genius, this ragamuffin of Lima was passing an unnoticed birth-

day when settlers in North America were making history in 1607 by clearing ground for the first English Colony at Jamestown. A few neighbors in the slum sections of Lima were beginning to notice that the de Porres boy was more than normally devout. He helped his negro mother by earning a few pennies at the local apothecary. This was actually but of little help for he seldom managed to arrive home with his wages intact. The sidewalk poor profited more from his earnings than his mother did, for he could never resist their plea for an alms or their obvious need of a few pennies.

That his mother also needed the pennies never seemed to bother him. That his Spanish father deserted his mother, his sister and himself seemed to bother him less. God would take care of the de Porres family. He, Martin, would take care of the poor of Lima. He actually did succeed in taking care of a good many of Lima's poor every day and reports say that he fed about one hundred and sixty people every week. How he did it is not fully known, although it seems that the Good Lord who multiplied a few loaves into a meal for many thousands on the lake shore in Galilee had not lost His touch.

The poor were Martin's friends from the beginning of his humble life until the end. In a very literal sense, 'the poor he had always with him'. On one occasion he even gave away his sister's dowry to feed the unfortunate, only to restore it later in a manner that

would make modern bookkeepers despair.

Eventually he took the habit of the Third Order of Saint Dominic, joining the Friars Preachers at Lima as a lay brother. In time he was put in charge of the infirmary where he had many opportunities to lavish his care on the sick of his order and of the city. His experience as a drug-gist's apprentice helped him always, and while he soothed the aching bodies of the sick, his saintly manner edified their souls.

In his spare moments he fed the poor at the monastery gate, sharing with them his own portion and whatever he could gather from the kitchen. That the food miraculously multiplied in his hands

was treated as commonplace, so highly did Lima's lowly esteem their white-robed benefactor. An orphanage and foundling hospital were built in the city, and it was Martin's quiet insistence that was largely responsible for both foundations. Whenever opportunity brought him to the waterfront he made his way to the slave pens. The incoming slaves became his friends and on them too he bestowed the wealth of his kindness and the poorness of his lunch-box.

In Lima in 1600, if you were unfortunate, you were Martin's friend and you learned to look for him every day to find a bit of joy in his smiling interest and a comfort in his love of your poverty. If you were a cripple, you

reached out to touch the hem of his garment just to feel that you were near him. He was your friend, your saint, and when he died at Rosary Priory on the far side of the city in early November 1639, you wept for him and asked God to let Martin continue to look after you and all your companions in poverty.

God answered your prayer, and so many people have found miraculous help through his intercession that Pope Gregory XVI beatified him in 1837.

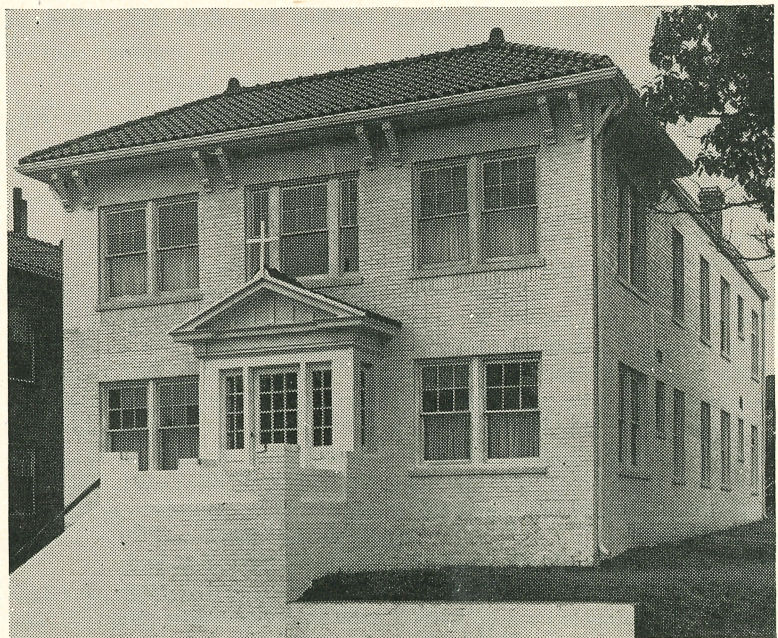
To this day we, the poor, still have Martin with us, his black hand extending from a white sleeve, to help us on our way home.

Our New Mission In Georgia

On October 26th we embarked on our second home mission enterprise—this time a clinic for the colored in Atlanta, Georgia. It is almost two years now since the clinic was brought to our attention. On February 12, 1943, His Excellency, Bishop Gerald P. O'Hara of Savannah-Atlanta wrote: "Through Miss Sarah Fahy I know that you are already familiar with the work that we are trying to do for the colored people in Atlanta and vicinity at the Catholic Colored Mission and Clinic, Atlanta, Georgia where a group of self-sacrificing women, most of them southern-born, are engaged in an apostolate among the colored people of this section, which is aimed to bring to them a knowledge of the Catholic Faith. In connection with this mission center, there was opened some months ago a free clinic. Several Atlanta doctors, most of them non-

Catholics, give generously of their time to the work of the Clinic. Their services are entirely gratuitous. For the better functioning of the Clinic, we should have

two nurses and I am writing to ask if you would be interested in having your sisters engage in this work here. The sisters could live at the mission center itself where



**The Catholic Colored Mission
in Atlanta, Georgia**

there are ample quarters . . ."

Miss Sarah Fahy, the indefatigable promotor of the Colored Mission Clinic paid us a personal visit on November 9, 1943 and told us of the great number of colored people in Atlanta and their eagerness for help. She made us all anxious to make haste but various circumstances forced us to delay. On my return from New Mexico in May of this year, I visited Atlanta to convince myself of the need. Miss Fahy was my kind guide. During my short stay I also had the privilege of meeting His Excellency, Bishop O'Hara, and made tentative arrangements for sending three sisters to the Catholic Colored Mission Clinic at the end of October. We are glad that the plans have materialized.

His Eminence, Dennis Cardinal Dougherty, in giving us permission to make this foundation in Atlanta, said: "It is a pleasure for me and a source of happiness, to find that you are by the blessing of God, extending your religious and charitable acti-



Sisters M. Clare, Xavier and Regina, (left to right) who opened our new mission in Georgia.

vities to parts of the United States; It is my trust that the new under- and I know of no section of our taking will bear much fruit." ANNA DENGEL, S.C.M.M., M.D.
country that needs your cooperation more than the Southland.

"And first of all let us imitate the breadth of His love. For the Church the Bride of Christ is one; and yet so vast is the love of the divine Spouse that it embraces in His Bride the whole human race without exception. Our Saviour shed His Blood precisely in order that He might reconcile men to God through the Cross, and might constrain them to unite in one Body, however widely they may differ in nationality and race. True love of the Church, therefore, requires not only that we should be mutually solicitous one for another as members of the same Body, rejoicing in the glory of the other members and sharing in their suffering, but likewise that we should recognize in other men, although they are not yet joined to us in the Body of the Church, our brothers in Christ according to the flesh, called, together with us, to the same eternal salvation"

—Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII

The St. Thomas Christians

by

THE REV. SEBASTIAN PINAKATT

Concluding the story of the Syrian Catholics of Malabar . . . The restoration of their hierarchy . . . the reunion of the Jacobites.

During the long period of Latin rule the Syriac Christians repeatedly petitioned the Pope for a bishop of their own rite. At last, in 1887 Pope Leo XIII, the great patron of the Oriental Churches, transferred the government of the Syrian Church from the Carmelites and the Portuguese, establishing the Vicariate Apostolic of Kottayam under Monsignor Lavinge, S. J. and the Vicariate Apostolic of Trichur under Monsignor Madlycott. Nine years later, in 1896, Pope Leo XIII split these two Vicariates into three, namely, Changanacherry, Ernakulam and Trichur and entrusted them to native Syrian Vicars Apostolic.

The Malabar Syrians, both Catholics and Jacobites, are divided into two clearly distinct sections known as the Nordists and the Suddhists. The origin of this division can be traced back to the fourth century and seems to be the result of the intermingling of two classes among the Syrian immigrants with corresponding classes of indigenous Christians. At the request of the Nordist group Pope Pius X appointed Monsignor Thomas Kurialacherry, a Nordist, as Vicar Apostolic of Changanacherry and created a new Vicariate at Kottayam for the Suddhists.

In 1923, on December 20th, Pope Pius XI restored the ecclesiastical hierarchy to the Catholic Syrians with Ernakulam as metropolis and Changanacherry, Trichur and Kottayam as suffragan sees. The Pope expressed his great satisfaction at the progress made by the Syrians under their own

bishops in his speech in the consistory at the restoration of the Syrian hierarchy in 1923.

The various schisms and dissensions that broke the peace of the Catholic Syrian community had retarded its cultural advancement. Now when the Syrians received bishops of their nationality they began to make rapid strides along educational, cultural, literary and artistic lines under their benign care. From their ranks have come professors, lawyers, doctors, engineers and scholars who have distinguished themselves in many European universities. It is true that the Portuguese contact modified the culture of the Syrians and manifested itself in church architecture, in ecclesiastical vestments, paintings, church music and in social customs. There is no doubt that the downfall of the Portuguese, especially the ruthless destruction of the Portuguese seminary at Cochin by the Dutch, affected the Christian culture of Kerala.

The Catholic Syrian Christians number 550,000 strong and include about 843 secular priests, 289 religious priests and 2,351 sisters. Churches and chapels are increasing. Nor do the Syrian Christians lag behind their non-Catholic brethren in educational progress. They have some thirty-three English high schools, a number of elementary and secondary schools and two first-class colleges. It is a glory for the Syrians to have more than 257 Syrian priests and 219 sisters working in the various missions of India among those who are still groping in the dark.

The ancient glory of the Syrians continues and they form a wealthy nobility and an influential section of the society of Malabar. They have won universal esteem and respect for their loyalty and moral uprightness. The Royal Prince of Travancore made an adequate recognition of the nobility, loyalty and culture of the Syrian Christians of Malabar in the following statement: "Yours is an ancient community with a glorious historic literature. It is a model of contentment, peace and loyalty. I dare say, even if Sri Parasu Rama were to revisit this ancient land, he would not find a community of greater loyalty and moral uprightness. You refer to the privileges which your community has long enjoyed from our illustrious predecessors, and the same, you may well rest assured, will be scrupulously maintained." A further proof of their uninterrupted orthodoxy is clearly shown by Pope Leo XIII in his remark, "In the lapse of ages even after the doleful propagation of errors, his (St. Thomas') memory was not at all destroyed and likewise the Faith he had sown was not found to have been totally extinct."

THE REUNION OF THE JACOBITES.

Many repeated attempts were made to heal the split caused by the great Schism of 1653 and the separated brethren petitioned Rome for reunion. The attempts of Joseph Cariatti, a Syrian priest who had gone to Rome to bring about the reunion, secured the necessary faculties. But his untimely death before reaching his

fatherland, frustrated all hopes at reunion. Thus in the course of time the Schismatics or Puthenkuttukar embraced the Jacobite heresy and the West Syriac Rite of the Jacobites. They split up into numerous sects, some embracing even Protestantism in its sundry forms.

On behalf of the prelates of the bishops' party, including the Ca-

tholics, Mar Ivanios of Bethany in November 1926 wrote to Rome asking for reunion. Both he and Mar Theophilos, Bishop of Thiruvalla, were received into the Catholic Church. On September 20th, 1930 they were confirmed in their office and jurisdiction. They and their converts now form the Malankara Syrian province

with Trivandrum as metropolis and Thiruvalla as suffragan see. Since then two other Jacobite bishops have made their submission to Rome, and many Jacobites have returned to the Catholic fold. Now there is a great leaning towards reunion, and let us hope that within a few years there will be no lost sheep in Malabar.

The Mission Clipper

TYPHUS THE TERRIBLE

This plague has been, historically, one of the deadliest murderers known to science.

The story of the fight against the dread disease is a typical missionary story. Father J. Rutten, the ex-General of the Belgian Fathers of Scheut, knew the ghastly record of deaths that came every year from the mission front in Eastern Asia, Manchuria and Mongolia. From 1910 to 1930 no fewer than eighty-four Fathers of Scheut died in China of spotted typhus. More than half of these valiant men were under thirty years of age. In 1930 Father Rutten heard that Professor Rudolf Weigl, Director of the Institute of Biology of Lembery, had discovered an effective vaccine. Father Rutten obtained some of this vaccine and together with Dr Stefan Gajdos and Dr. Joseph Chang, he made the rounds of their missions, inoculating each of the missionaries. In the ensuing years not one missionary, priest or nun, came down with the fatal disease."—Fu Jen, June 1944.

A Serious Disease in the United States

Recent medical reports show that typhus is also a serious disease here in the United States. According to Dr. C. R. Esky of the U. S. Public Health Service, cases have been reported from thirty-three states and the District of Columbia. Ninety-seven per cent

of all cases reported in the last five years occurred in the southern endemic area. The disease "ranks first among all diseases as a cause of adult disability in the southern part of this country."

—The Diplomat, Aug.-Sept., 1944.

The Medical Mission Sisters rejoice with missionaries all over the world in the appointment by our Holy Father the Pope of His Excellency, the Most Reverend Richard J. Cushing as Archbishop of Boston. With the faithful of the Archdiocese we pray to God that He "may ever save and defend His servant and grant him length of years in His service."

AD MULTOS ANNOS!

CHEMISTRY WILL HELP SOLVE FOOD PROBLEM IN CHINA

Proteins, the foods that form muscle, blood and nerves, are chronically deficient in the diets of a large part of the Chinese population. They are unable, because of the crowded conditions of the populated areas, to obtain animal proteins such as meat, cheese and eggs, so the Chinese rely heavily on a cereal diet, which

is overbalanced in the direction of carbohydrates. Chinese nutritionists realize this and are striving to overcome the difficulty, although as a practical matter they stay within the framework of a vegetarian diet. They also are trying to get their countrymen to use more fresh vegetables, placing special emphasis on Chinese celery cabbage.

In some districts of North China a rather well-balanced vegetable ration was worked out by the peasants long ago, and they hold to it today because, as they say, it "stays with you." The cereal mixtures used in this diet differ from locality to locality. Millions of people in North China never taste rice—they use wheat and millet as their mainstays. For these people a great benefit seems to be in sight in a recently bred variety of millet that contains fourteen or fifteen per cent protein instead of the usual nine per cent.

—Fu Jen, June 1944

MEDICAL MISSIONS IN NEW CHINA

Through medical missions—especially teaching hospitals—"a great influence for good, both professionally and spiritually, can be exerted on the growing medical profession," writes Dr. Randolph Tucker Shields, in an analysis of Medical Missions in China. (International Review of Missions, July, 1944) Dr. Shields continues: "The opportunities for medical

help to China are going to be not less, but vastly greater in the next generation than they ever were in the past. The need was just as great in the past, but even if we had had the resources, it would have been impossible to meet this need. The ignorance of the peo-

ple, the lack of desire for modern medicine, social and economic factors, the indifference of the Government and the absence of an active medical and teaching profession made it impossible to take the benefits of modern medicine to more than a limited number.

But in the new China the rapid dissemination of modern education and ideas, the active interest of government officials, wide awake medical and teaching departments open up an almost unlimited field for the medical betterment of millions."

"Brother Elephant"

by

SISTER M. LAETITIA, S.C.M.M., R.N.

"Ae, Mahout ji! Your tail light is out."

"Kya!"

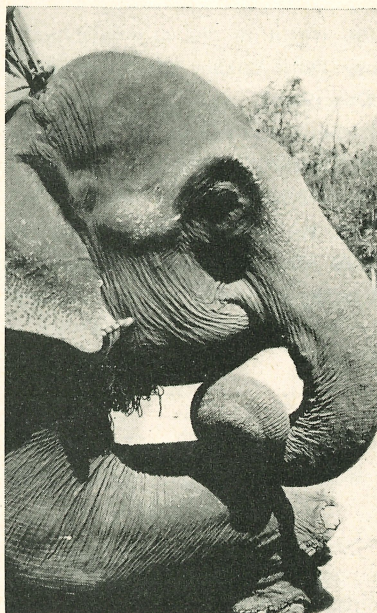
"Your tail light is out!"

"Allah," and with a grunt **Mahout ji** (elephant-driver) climbs sleepily down from the comfortable seat on his elephant's back to inspect the lamp that had so inconspicuously gone out. It was in Ceylon and he knew he would be in trouble with the police, if his elephant were found without its rear light.

In the East the elephant has many duties to perform. As a means of transportation in some places in India he is without equal. One of his most beloved occupations is to get himself, along with a few more of his kind, gaily decorated with yards and yards of red velvet and jewels, real or otherwise, draped from tusks, trunk, ears, body, tail and even around his not-so-slim ankles. Then, if he can carry an even more gaily-clad and bejeweled prince, sitting in an elaborate **howdah**, he is in seventh heaven. Thus bedecked, he leads most of the processions in India, to the great delight of the onlookers.

Most of the Indian princes keep as many elephants as they can possibly afford for this purpose, but he is also used for hunting, especially in Siam. Chiefly in Ceylon and Burma, but also in other

parts of India, to say nothing of Africa, the elephant is used as a good, strong, intelligent workman, hauling and neatly stacking logs of wood and trees, and even pulling carts, etc., like some monstrous horse.

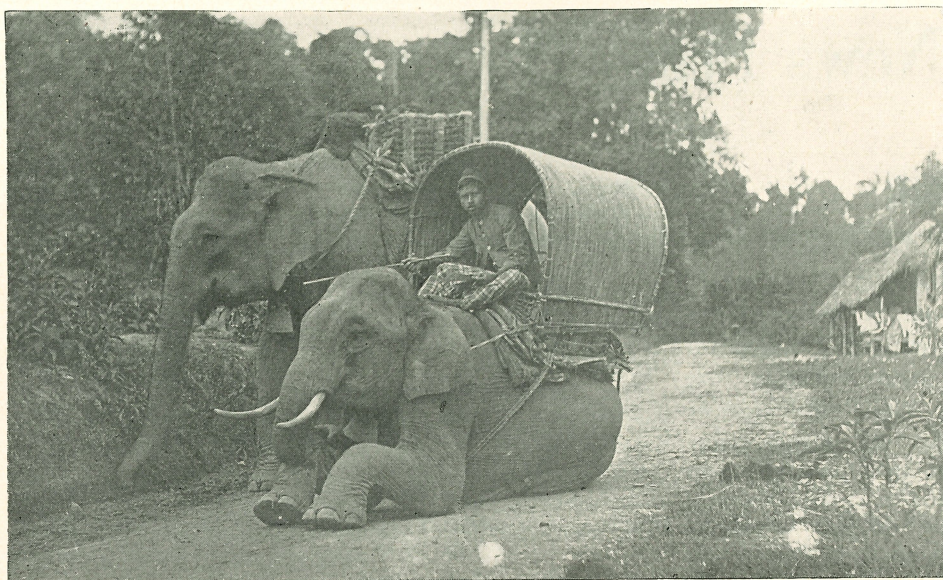


Introducing "Brother Elephant" himself.

In Kandy, the home of Buddha's so-called tooth, there are forty elephants at the "Tooth Temple",

or **Dalada Maligwana**. The famous tooth is said to have been smuggled into India in the hair of a princess, but there is great doubt as to whether it is actually present in the Temple or not. It is supposed to be enclosed in a series of golden caskets, and is under the care of the Buddhist priests. Once a year, during the **Perahera** festival, the caskets are carried in procession on the back of an elephant, accompanied by many of his brethren, all very gaily decorated. At a certain time of the day the **Delada Maligwana** elephants are taken out to the water, which they love, and their keepers seize this opportunity to demand **bakshish** from the onlookers. When this is not forthcoming, or appears in insufficient quantities, at a word from the **mahout**, an elephant will fill his trunk with water and direct a sudden, violent stream against the unsuspecting spectator.

Many of the temples and buildings of India are decorated with elephants, carved, often very beautifully, in stone. The elephant does not even disdain to ornament one's tea cup or soup plate. As the god, **Ganesh**, he is worshipped by many Hindus, although under this form he is frightful, having the body of an adipose human being, surmounted by an elephant's head and trunk. In a number of the temples in Southern India, sacred



In Ceylon the elephant is still used as a means of transport.

elephants are kept and are taught to beg and say **salaam** with their trunks—and woe betide the one who gives too little!

In Assam and parts of Africa, elephants still wander about in wild herds which are said to be very vicious. Occasionally some of them will take a stroll or a siesta on the railway lines, blocking the path of an oncoming train, whose driver is too timid or too merciful to continue the journey until the elephants have finished their walk or sleep. Perhaps he is wise, although one would hardly imagine even a whole herd of furious elephants trying to wreck a train.

In olden times elephants were used as warriors, and very good soldiers they made. They were taught to use their heads as battering rams and were most efficient until their enemies began studding their gates and walls with iron spikes, a few inches apart. In some of the native states elephant fights, guided by a **mahout** from the elephant's back, are still considered the thing in entertainment. Fortunately, the animals' tusks are blunted that they may not seriously damage each other, as they are very valuable.

Unlike the African elephants, not all the Indian species have tusks, nor are they as large as their African cousins. The tusks are used mostly for digging up roots, which form a large part of the elephants' diet, but in captivity they also use them in their work of raising logs and as a means of defense in battling with other animals.

The ivory tusks are very valuable and beautifully-carved gods and goddesses, temples, bullock carts, etc., may be bought in the Indian bazaars, especially in Delhi and in the Naya Bazaar, Calcutta.

At one time Lord Kitchener was visiting a Rajah's palace, in which there were several pairs of wonderful ivory tusks of immense value. The Rajah was afraid that his distinguished visitor would admire them, so he had them moved to a place of safety before his arrival, for such is Indian courtesy that to admire a thing is to be immediately presented with it.

Man does not reveal himself in his history, he struggles up through it.
—Rabindranath Tagore

The trunk of the elephant is extremely sensitive and delicate, so much so that it will not allow even the **mahout** to touch the tip, although it may use it to break off leaves and young twigs for a meal, to draw up water and pick up small coins from the ground or even to lift a man. Yet it seldom uses the trunk for its work, preferring to draw heavy burdens by means of ropes tied around its body. The trunk also lends an enormous amount of dignity and importance to the elephant, for as it walks along gaily-bedecked in procession, it slowly swings it from side to side with an indescribably proud movement.

White elephants are highly honored in Siam. On account of this veneration which has to be expressed in a very expensive manner, their upkeep is enormous. If one of the king's courtiers is unfortunate enough to fall under the royal displeasure, he may be presented with a white elephant, which will soon reduce him to ruin. Well is the term "white elephant" understood and appreciated in Siam. If one started a medical mission there it would be well to "beware white elephants."

News From Home and Abroad

AT HOME

MESSAGE FROM HOLLAND

The biggest and best news of the month is the unexpected—a message from . . . Holland! American soldiers visited our house there; found, much to their surprise, that the sisters spoke English—and then, well, you can guess the rest . . . The first letter, written to Mother Dengel by one of the soldiers, contained this brief message from Sister M.

Eleanore, the Superior of our Dutch house: "We are all well here and have been meeting friends for the past few days. Will write more particulars soon. Love and prayers . . ."

GRADUATIONS

Two more Medical Missionaries have received their degrees in nursing during the past month. Sister M. Clare, who had previously finished her nurses' training at Providence Hospital in Washington, D.C., completed her studies at the Catholic University of Am-

erica for the degree of Bachelor of Science in Nursing Education.

The other graduate, Sister M. Regina, received her R.N. She also completed her training at Providence Hospital and took her Board Examinations in the District of Columbia.

Neither Sister Clare nor Sister Regina have had long to wait for their assignment to the missions. With Sister M. Xavier they are the lucky pioneers in the Catholic Colored Clinic in Atlanta, Georgia.

INDIA

Rawalpindi

News from India brings a little bit of everything. From Rawalpindi, Sister M. Nicola writes that she has been trying out some fancy Indian cooking recipes—to the enjoyment of all. "A few months ago," she tells us, "We received the present of a cook book with no less than 1,331 Indian recipes. After reading a few pages we were almost dizzy trying to interpret all the fancy names and identify the different kinds of spices. However we went into

a consultation with our **babuchi** (cook) and with his help, plus the aid of a dictionary, we have been able to figure out most of them. Now, twice a week we have our Indian dinners 'with a little less spices' and enjoy them."

CHAUKIDAR TAKES OVER.

The new **chaukidar** (watchman) at Holy Family Hospital is an indispensable individual, especially now that our hospital is so overcrowded and visitors must be limited. Sister M. Leonie writes: "Only one woman relative is allowed to remain with a patient nowadays, and we do have regular visiting hours, thanks to our marvelous **chaukidar**, Bagduh. He

is really priceless. Food can be brought to the patients only from eight to nine in the morning and from eleven to twelve at noon. Visiting hours are from six to eight in the evening—and thanks to Bagduh—they are kept. Of course, there are always some relatives who try to bribe him to let them in, but he is polite and firm. If someone is too troublesome he engages our help to enforce the rules. Sister Nicola has made him a uniform, kakhi with green trimmings and a green pugri with the initials, H. F. H. woven into it. He looks grand in it and is quite proud of his new attire."

Patna

Not all that seems work—is work, so Sister Ignatius Marie discovered while taking care of admissions to our hospital in Patna. As she explains: "One of our routine questions on admission is, 'What work does your husband do?' I asked this of a woman yesterday and all the answer she gave was, 'He doesn't work.' I often receive that reply when the husband is still at school or col-

lege, so I asked if he was a student. The answer was, 'No.' Then Sister Elise, who was listening, asked, 'Does he sit in the house all day?' Answer: 'No.' Question: 'Is he dead?' Answer: 'No.' Finally, in desperation I asked, 'If he doesn't work, then what does he do all day?' Reply: 'He doesn't work, he opens abscesses in a dispensary!' Sister Elise and I almost collapsed, but we recounted the tale with great glee to Sister Ann."

THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY.

More news from Patna, as told by Sister M. Elise: "The regular medicine bottles are frightfully expensive these days; sometimes they cost even more than the medicines themselves, so the people bring their own containers. These include snail or tortoise shells, well scrubbed with mud; broken electric light bulbs with the filament removed; banana leaves, for ointments; empty beer, soda pop or catsup bottles, with

a piece of paper for a cork!

"We still sell our ordinary drugs for an *anna* (about two cents) a day. That is really cheap, compared to what other places make these poor people pay. Homeopathy is still in great favor around here.

It is pitiful to see a mother come in with a pneumonia baby who could have been cured in a few days with sulfapyridine, but who has been filled up with homeopathic mixtures, sometimes at tremendous cost."

Dacca

Sister M. Caecilia, who had been teaching at the training school for nurses in the Mitford Municipal Hospital, Dacca, is now at Holy Family Hospital in Patna. The chief difference between the two places, she finds, is the language. She writes: "Both Dacca and Patna have the same needs, but in separate languages, Bengali for Dacca and Hindi for Patna. The medical aspects differ very little and the climate is similar—not as hot as Rawalpindi in summer, nor as cold in winter. The

humidity of Bengal is greater than than that of Patna.

"The real change is the language. The nurses here speak Hindi. When I answer them unthinkingly in Bengali, their faces register a perfect blank. Then I stammer out a Hindi word and let their imaginations do the rest. There are many similarities between the two languages, but grammatical endings differ as do the length of the vowels. Sometimes the accent is placed on a different syllable. Such is the far-reaching effect of the Tower of Babel!"

R. J. H.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Rev. J. Joseph Egan, Baltimore, Md.

Sister Mary Louise, Hartford, Conn.

Sister M. Bennetta, Holy Cross, Indiana.

Miss Amalie Steinhauser, Brookland, D. C.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

On the 18th of every month the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered in our chapel at the Motherhouse for deceased relatives, subscribers and benefactors.

Mary Giri

The new novitiate for the Malabar Medical Mission Sisters is progressing. Sister M. Pauline writes: "Father Pinakatt is giving the spiritual life classes and Father Jacob, from the local high school, comes for one hour a week to teach us Syriac singing. Malayalam is not as easy as it first seemed. The written language is rather clear, but the spoken has so many long words. However it is absolutely necessary to know it.

"We are eating the ordinary food of the country, and so far have had no difficulty. Everyone without exception wants to know what

we eat! It seems to be a curious thing that we should eat their food.

"The ten acres site at Mary Giri is very good. The present house was already on the grounds and only a dormitory was added.

The permanent building is to be on a knoll, and Father Pinakatt has been trying for a long time to get an architect from Madras. Plans must be completed before he can petition the government for the cement, girders, etc."

Sister M. Bernadette persuaded the dhoddwalla (milkman) to pose for his picture. Apparently kind words and the gentle touch are needed to keep "Elsie" at the proper distance from the camera!



Will You Say "THANK YOU" Too? . . .

Our patients at Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi, India have attractive ways of saying "thank you." Nothing is too small or too big to give to a friend or benefactor. They give what they can—perhaps an egg, a basket of mangoes—or even a BIG FISH—to express their gratitude for the care they have received in the hospital.



In thanksgiving for health and good fortune will you share with the poor and sick of India? Will you help to give them the same skilled medical care that is available to you?

Mother Anna Dengel
8400 Pine Road
Fox Chase, Philadelphia 11, Pa.

Dear Mother Dengel:

As a "thanksgiving" offering I enclose
\$.....for the building fund of Holy
Family Hospital in Rawalpindi, India.

Very sincerely,

.....

**YOUR CONTRIBUTION
TO HOLY FAMILY
HOSPITAL CAN BE
YOUR "THANK YOU"
TOO!**